THE LONDON SPY.

For the *Month* of *January*, 1699.

PART III.

By the Author of the Trip to *JAMAICA.*

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BIBLIOTHECA NACIONAL

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WHEN we had cool'd the Fever of our Brains with a plentiful Doſe of that reviving Cordial, Sleep; and our wakeful Faculties having ſhaken off *Morpheus*'s Leaden Plummets from our drowſie Eye-lids (after a few Slug-a-bed Yawnes and Lazy Stretches) we found by the advancement of the Day it was high time to make our Reſurrection. Accordingly, with mutual reſolutions, we ſtarted from *Sluggards Paradiſe*, the Bed; and collected our ſcatter'd Garments in order for Equipping.

When with abundance of Rubbing, Scrubbing, Waſhing and Combing, we had made our ſelves tolerable Figures to appear by Day-light, we deſcended from our *Snoaring-Kennel*, ſo finely Perfum'd by the fuſty Jackets of their Tarpaulin Gueſts, that it ſmelt as Odoriferouſly grateful, as a *Suffolk-Cheeſe* toaſting over a Flaming *Pitch-barrel*. It's walls being adorn'd with as many unſavory *Finger-dabs* as an *Inns of Court Bog-houſe*. The Cieling Beautified, like a *Soliders Garret*, or a *Counter Chamber*, with Smutty Names and Bawdy Shadows, Sketch'd by unskilful hands with Candle-flame and Charcole, The Bed, 'tis true, was Feathers, but moſt of them large enough to make *Pens* or *Tooth-Pickers*. An Earthen Chamber-Pot as big as a three Gallon *Steyn*, Glaz'd o'er with Green, and looks as fine as any *Temple Mug* or *Countrey Pudding-Pan*.

Having turn'd our Backſides upon theſe Cubicular Conveniencies, we crept, being Cold, to a new kindled ſmoaky Fire, where we fortified our Appeties againſt the Contagious Breaths of *Funking Carmen*, with a Penny-worth of burnt Bread ſoften'd in a Mug of *Porters Guzzle*, improv'd with a ſlice of *Cheſhire*. This we gobbled up (being haſty to be gone) with as much Expedition as a *Citizens Wife* does an *Iſlington Cheeſe-cake*, when Treated by her Husband. Then ſatisfied our *Tun-bellied Hoſteſs*, and left her Infernal Manſion to the ſinful Sons of Darkneſs, there to practice their Iniquities.

We now turn'd down to the *Thames-ſide*, where the frightful roaring of the *Bridge* Water-falls ſo aſtoniſh'd my Eyes, and terrifi'd my Ears, That, like *Roger* in his *Mill*, or the Inhabitants near the Cataracts of *Nile*, I could hear no Voice ſofter than a *Speaking-Trumpet*, or the audible Organ of a

Scolding

Scolding Fiſh-woman. After I had feaſted my Intellects with this ſurprizing Novelty, we turn'd towards *Billingſgate*; where a parcel of Fellows came running upon us in a great fury, crying out (as I thought) *Schollars, Schollars, will you have any Whores? Lord Bleſs me*, ſaid I to my Friend, *What a wicked place is this, that a Man in a Black Coat cannot paſs about his buſineſs without being ask'd in publick ſuch an abominable Queſtion? Hauling and Pulling him about by his Arms, as if they would force him to commit Fornication in ſpight of his Teeth:* Notwithſtanding I told 'em we wanted no Whores, nor would we have any, yet they would ſcarce be ſatisfied. My Friend laugh'd heartily at my innocent Miſtake, and undeceiv'd my Ignorance; telling me they were *Watermen*, who diſtinguiſh'd themſelves by the Titles of *Oares* and *Scullers*; which made me Bluſh at my Error, like a *Baſhful Lady* that has drop'd her Garter, or a *Modeſt Man* who cripples his Jeſt by a forgetful Heſitation.

After we had loos'd our ſelves, with much difficulty, from the unparallell'd Inſolency of *Charon*'s Progeny, we turn'd into a Crowd of *Thumb-Ring'd Flat-caps*, from the Age of Seven to Seventy, who ſat Snarling and Grunting at one another, over their *Sprats* and *Whitings*, like a Pack of *Domeſtick Dogs* over the *Cook-maids* kindneſs, or a parcel of hungry *Sows* at a Trough of *Hogwaſh*; every one looking as ſharp as a ſtroling *Fortune-teller*; that I fear'd they would have pick'd my Pocket with their Eyes, or have brought me under an *ill-Tongue* before I could have ſhot this dangerous Gulph, where the Angry Surges of a Tempeſtuous Tittle-Tattle run Mountain-high, daſhing into my Ears on every ſide, that I was as glad when I had weather'd this Storm of Verboſity, as an *Inſolvent Creditor* who has ſlip'd the Villanous gripes of a gang of *Protection Curſers.*

Having thus happily quitted the ſtink of *Sprats*, and the untunable Clamours of the Wrangling Society, we paſs'd round the Dock, where ſome Salt-water Slaves, according to their well-bred Cuſtom, were pelting of *Sons of Whores* at one another, about the *Birth* of their *Oyſter-Boats.* One unhappily being acquainted how to touch the other in his tendereſt Part, gaul'd his impatient Adverſary with the provoking Name of *Cuckold*; which intolerable Indignity ſo fermented the Choler of the little *Snail-catcher*, that he reſolved to ſhow himſelf a Champion in defence of his Wife's Virtues; and leaping into the others Boat, there, like a true-bred *Cock*, made a vigorous aſſault upon his Enemies *Dunghill.* But a ſad diſaſter attended the poor Combatants, for in their Scuffle they fell Overboard: But the Tide being half ſpent, the Water was not high enough to cool their Courage; for notwithſtanding, they maintain'd an *Amphibious* Fight, and Battled, like *Ducks* and *Drakes*, in two Elements at once, till the *Cuckold* had bravely ſubdued his Antagoniſt, and made his poor Victim (half Drown'd and half Knock'd o'th' Head) Publickly acknowledge the unſpotted Reputation of the Victor's Dutcheſs; who at the end of the Fray, having receiv'd Intelligence of her Lord and Maſter's Engagement, came down to the Dock-ſide Crown'd with an *Oyſter-Basket*, and there, with an audible Voice, ſet up a paſſionate Juſtification of her own Honeſty, to the great Diverſion of the whole Auditory. Her *Leviathan-Shape* was a good teſtimony of her Virtues, for had our firſt She-Parent been but half ſo Homely, the Devil would have been Damn'd nine times deeper into the Infernal Abyſs, before he would have Robb'd her of her Innocency, or fruſtrated *Adam* in the Bleſſing of his Help-mate.

From

From thence we mov'd on to a ſtately Fabrick, before which a parcel of Robuſt Mortals were as buſie as ſo many *Flies* upon a *Cow-turd*; ſome running about in *Circular Jimcraks*, like ſo many *Turnſpits*, labouring in their *Jack-wheels*; others ſo deeply engag'd in hooping of Casks, as if they were taking all Imaginable care that euery Tub ſhould ſtand upon its own bottom. Many Scales at work, and abundance of *Eagle-Ey'd Vermin* hovering about 'em, that I thought at firſt *Juſtice* might have reſided there, (till my Friend told me *No, no)* and theſe were her *Agents*, Ballancing the *Miſeries* againſt the *Sins* of the Nation. *Prithee Friend*, ſaid I, *What is that Grizly* Bachanalian, *with a Pen twiſted in his Hair, whoſe Face looks as if it had coſt as much the Dying as would have ſet up a Topping* Vintner? Says my Friend, He's one of thoſe Cormorants call'd a *Land-Waiter*: His buſineſs is to take care that no body cheats the King but himſelf. His Poſt is honeſtly worth a Hundred Pound a Year; but with the help of an *Open Hand* and a *Cloſe Mouth*, he can (without a Burthen to his Conſcience) make it worth thrice the Money. *What is he in the long Wig, with his Fox-skin Muff upon his Button, and his Pocket-book in his Hand?* Why he (replies my School-fellow) is a *Beau*, Prentice to ſome topping Merchant; and is taking the weight of his Maſters Goods, that he is not wrong'd in the Cuſtoms. He is very careful no body cheats him abroad, and his Maſter is forc'd to be as watchful Mr. *Finnikin* does not injure him at home: For a *Flattering Companion*, or a *Jilting Miſtreſs*, will at any time make him dip his fingers in the *Caſh*, to treat them with a *New Play*, or ſolace them with a *Bottle*.

Pray, ſays my Friend, take Notice of that Gentleman in the Camlet-Cloke, he will tell you from his own Experience, that any man may grow Rich from Humility and Induſtry; and that 'tis nothing but *Pride* and *Lazineſs* that begets *Poverty* and *Misfortune*. When he came firſt to Town he had but three Pence in the World, which he prudently laid out in a new Broom, that might ſweep clean, which he very dextrouſly apply'd, with his utmoſt Labour, to the Dirty Wharf, without bidding from any body; but had ſenſe enough to conſider it belong'd to ſome-body, who would at leaſt give him Thanks, if not Recompence his Trouble. The Maſter of the Wharf happening to eſpy him at his Task, gave him ſome ſmall encouragement to continue his cleanlineſs, which he practiced dayly with as much diligence as a *Younger Brother* in the Courtſhip of a Fortune, till he had gain'd his end, and curry'd favour with the Merchant, who lent him his aſſiſtance by degrees, which the other improving, is now become a Man of a great Eſtate, and conſiderable Authority: But if any poor Man ask him for an *Alms*, he tells him there are Riches buried in the *Dirt*; and good Fortune in a *Broom*; and if he will *Sweep* as he was forc'd to do, he may come in time to be *Lord Mayor* of *London*; To which a croſs old *Mumper* reply'd, *If you had not got more by* Knavery *and* Uſury, *than ever you did by your* Honeſty *and* Induſtry, *you might have been Apprentic'd to your* Broom *till this time, and never have been made a Freeman.*

I now enquir'd of my Friend what they call'd this buſie ſpot, he told me 'twas the *Cuſtom-houſe*; and in that ſtately Edifice the Commiſſioners ſat, about whom I ask'd ſome Queſtions, but found my Friend too ſhie to give me ſatisfaction, ſaying, If I tell you Truth, I'm a Fool to my ſelf; if Falſe, unjuſt to my Friend; and make you become a Lyar to the World.

I ſhall therefore inſtead of what you expect,give you a proverbial Caution, *viz.* They are a parcel of Edg-Tooles, with whom there is no *Jeſting* ; and he that attempts to Eat Fire to pleaſe a Crowd, if he finds cauſe to complain he has Burnt his Mouth, makes himſelf but a Laughing-ſtock.

By the advice of my Companion, we turn'd back till we came to a place call'd *Pig-hill*, which reſembling the ſteep deſcent down which *the Devil drove his Hogs to a Bad-market*, I ſuppoſe it is therefore honour'd with the aforeſaid Title; in regard to which, they are always in a condition of turning the Stomach of a *Jew*, or Poiſoning a *Scotchman* ; and can ſatisfie an Epicurian Appetite, or ſave a Lady's Longing, with *Pigg* or *Pork*,in any hour of the Day,or any day of the Year ; the Cooks,according to report, keeping many *Spanniel Bitches*, as *Wet-Nurſes*, for the due ſuckling of their *Sowes Babbies* ; which adds, they ſay, ſuch a Sweetneſs to their Fleſh, that they Eat as fine as any *Pupy-dog*, and all ſuch Perſons who are admirers of this Luxurious food, may the whole Winter have it there ready dreſt, without the danger of Fly-ſauce, which is more then in Summer I am able to promiſe you: All the Elements contribute to their Cooking of every Squeaker they dreſs; he is firſt ſcalded in Water, then dry'd in the Air, and half bak'd in the Sun ; then Roaſted by the Fire, afterwards diſſected by a Cholerick Executioner, and his Quarters diſpos'd on to ſeveral Gates of hungry Citizens, where Teeth are the Port-Cullice, as if the poor had been convicted of a Plot, and died a Traytor.

As we walk'd up the Hill as Lazily as an *Artillery* Captain before his Company upon a *Lords Mayors-day*, or a *Paul*'s Labourer up a Ladder with a Hod of Mortar, we peep'd in at a *Gateway*, where we ſaw three or four Blades well dreſt, but with Hawkes Countenances, attended with half a dozen Ragamuffinly Fellows, ſhowing Poverty in their Rags, and Diſpair in their Faces,mix'd with a parcel of young wild Striplings like Runaway-Prentices : I could not forbear inquiring of my Friend about this Ill-favour'd multitude, patch'd up of ſuch awkward figures that it would have puzzled a *More-fields Aritſt* well read in *Phyſiognomy*, to have diſcover'd their Diſpoſitions by their Looks.

That Houſe, ſays my Friend, which they are entering, is an Office where Servants for the Plantations, bind themſelves to be miſerable as long as they Live, without an eſpecial Providence prevents it, *&c.* Thoſe fine Fellows who look like Foot-men upon a Holy-day, crept into caſt Suites of their Maſters, that want Gentility in their Deportment, anſwerable to their Apparel, are *Kidnappers*, who walk the *Change* and other parts of the Town, in order to ſeduce People who want Services, and Young Fools croſt in Love,and under an uneaſineſs of mind,to go beyond Seas,getting ſo much a head of Maſters of Ships and Merchants who go over, for every Wretch they Trapan into this Miſery. Thoſe Young *Rakes* and *Taterdemalions* you ſee ſo lovingly herded, are drawn by their fair promiſes to ſell themſelves into Slavery, and the *Kidknappers* are the Rogues that run away with the Money.

Now, ſays my Friend, I'll ſhow you a Towering Edifice, erected thro' the Wiſdom and Honeſty of the City; as a very high Memorandum of it's being laid low, either by a Judgement from Heaven, for the Sins of the People,

People, or by the Treachery of the *Papiſts*, according to the aſſertion of the *Monument*; who I ſuppoſe as Ignorant of the matter as my ſelf; for it was neither Built then, nor I Born; ſo I believe we are as equally able to tell the Truth of the Story, as a *Quack-Aſtrologer* is by the aſſiſtance of the Signs and Planets, what was the Name of *Moſes*'s Great Grand-Father, or how many Quarts of Water went to the Worlds drowning. You'll be mightily pleas'd with the Loftineſs of this Slender Column, for it's very height was the firſt thing that ever occaſioned wry Necks in *England*, by the Peoples ſtaring at the Top on't. To the Glory of the City, and the everlaſting Reputation of the worthy Projectors of this moſt high and mighty *Babel*, it was more ſavingly than honeſtly Built, by the Poor *Orphans* Money; many of them ſince having beg'd their Bread; and the Charitable Elders of the City have given them a ſtone. Look ye now, you may ſee it; pray view it, and give me your Opinion.

What is it of no uſe but only to Gaze at? Yes, yes, ſays my Friend; Aſtrologers go often to the top on't, when they have a mind to play the Pimp, and ſee *Mars* and *Venus* in Conjunction; tho' the chief uſe of it is for the improvement of Vintners Boys and Drawers, who come every week to exerciſe their Supporters, and learn the Tavern-Trip by running up to the *Ballcony*, and down again, which fixes them in a Nimble ſtep, and makes them rare Light-heeld Emiſſaries in a Months Practice. Do you obſerve the Carving, which contains the King and his Brother's Picture? They were cut by an Eminent Artiſt, and are look'd upon by a great many Impartial Judges to be a couple of extraordinary good figures: Pray what think you? I know you have ſome Judgement in Proportion.

Why, truly, ſaid I, they are the only Grace and Ornament of the whole Building; but 'tis a thouſand pities the Stones form'd into ſo Noble an order, ſhould be ſo baſely purchas'd, to the ruin of ſo many thouſand Fatherleſs and Widdows; but I ſuppoſe it was politically done, to fix ſuch a Teſtimonial of their Loyalty upon a Structure ſo unjuſtly rais'd, that the one might in ſome meaſure waſh away the Stain of the other; and to prevent the high-flown Loyaliſts to reflect upon their Teachery to the poor *Orphans*, ſince they may pretend (tho' they cheated 'em of their Money) 'twas with a pious deſign of ſetting up the Kings Picture, in reverence to his Perſon, who all the world knows they had a wonderful reſpect for; and in honour to the City, which to beſure was as dear to them as their Lives and Fortunes. Tho' I have heard their chief drift in this memorable Undertaking was, to get, Eſtates to themſelves without miſtruſt; that they might enjoy them without moleſtation.

As you ſay, this Edifice, as well as ſome others, was not projected purely as a Memorandom of the Fire, or an Ornament to the City; but to give thoſe corrupted Magiſtrates who had the Power in their hands, the opportunity of putting Two thouſand Pounds into their own pockets, whilſt they paid One towards the Building. I muſt confeſs all that I think can be ſpoke in praiſe of it, is, *'Tis a Monument to the City's ſhame, the Orphans Grief, the Proteſtants Pride, and the Papiſts Scandal; and only ſerves as a high-crown'd-hat, to cover the head of the old fellow that ſhows it.*

When my Friend had thus Oblig'd me with a full Proſpect of our

Metropolitan Maypole, we turn'd up *Gracechurch-ſtreet*, in order for *Greſham-Colledge*, where we met a Fellow in a Gown, with a piece of Prodigality, call'd a *Mace*, upon his Shouldier; and another, like one of *Juſtice's Sumpter-Horſes*, laden with *Scales*, *Weights*, and *Meaſures*; a third Arm'd, like a *Roundheaded Cuckold*, marching to *Horn-fair*, with a *Pick-Ax*. Theſe advanced in the Front, attended with a Troop of *Loyterers* in Gowns, who hobbled after with as much Formality as a parcel of *Goſſips* at a *Chriſtening*, to the Pariſh-Church, behind Mother *Grope* and her fine Mantle. They had Match'd themſelves together with abundance of Diſcretion; mix'd *Fat* and *Lean*, *Fat* and *Lean*, like ſo many *Scotch* Runts in *Smith-field-market*, amongſt the like Number of *Lincoln-ſhire* Oxen, that I thought it a lively repreſentation of *Pharoh*'s Dream, appearing to me as a true Emblem of *Plenty* and *Famine*: For one part of them look'd as if they had half eat up the other. By and by, they pitch'd down a Triangular Device, with as many Legs as *Tyburn*; and began of a ſuddain to be all as buſie as ſo many *Sheriffs-men* at an Execution. I enquir'd of my Friend how theſe Mortals were Dignified or Diſtinguiſh'd, and what was the weighty affair they were ſo pryingly Engaged in? He told me theſe were a part of the worthy Members of the *Queſt*, whoſe buſineſs was to Inſpect *Weights* and *Meaſures*, taking care that every Shop-keepers *Yard*, be of the ſtandard-length, whilſt the Wife (ſitting b:ching the Counter) laughs in her Sleeve all the time they're Meaſuring. Alſo to give warning for the mending of Pavements, and removing all Neuſances under the penalty of a Fine. Their meeting is generally at a *Hall*, except they have a *Queſt-houſe*, from whence they go to Church to Prayers, and return to be Drunk. They detect very few People in their Faults, for they Honeſtly take care not to injure their *Neighbours*, but inform them when they ſhall walk their Rounds, that they may remove their falſe *Weights* and *Meaſures* out of the way; and have larger ready to produce to conceal the Roguery. The Inhabitants of every *Precinct* are oblig'd to give 'em their Company at Dinner; where he that does not behave himſelf Generouſly, and purchaſe his Security at the expence of half a piece, ſhan be ſurely return'd upon the *Jury* the next Impannel. They have an old Cuſtome of Brewing Spic'd-Ale; and he that does not take care to ſend his Wife a Jug-full, runs the hazzard by his Negligence, of raiſing an evil Spirit in his Family, that no Conjurer can lay in a Fortnight. They have as many ſeveral Offices amongſt 'em, as are in a Noble-mans Family, *viz*, *Foreman*, *Controulor*, *Treaſurer*, *Steward*, *Butler*, &c. They have a Groat a Houſe from each Inhabitant, beſides their Fines, with which they feaſt their Ingurgitating Stomachs, with Luxurious Exceſſes. The *Queſt-mens* Generoſity and the *Aldermans* Humility are commonly equal: The *Queſt* contribute in every Ward, thro' Benevolence, their Crowns a peice, to give his Worſhip a Collation in reſpect to his Dignity.

From hence we paſs'd, without any thing remarkable, till we came to *Wiſe-Acres-Hall*, more commonly call'd *Greſham-Celledge*, which we enter'd as gravly as a couple of Eleemoſinary Smoakers into *M——u*'s Shop, or a couple of ſanctified *Harlots* into *B*——s Meeting-houſe; we ſtep'd thro' a little Brick Court, and then came into a Spacious Quadrangle, where, in a Melancholy *Cloiſter*, we ſaw a Peripatetick walking, ruminating, as I ſuppoſe, upon his *Entities*, *Eſſences*, and *Occult Quallities*, or elſe upou the *Philoſophers-ſtone*; looking as if he very much wanted it; his ſteps he meaſur'd out with that exactneſs and deliberation, that, I believe, had juſt ſuch a

Number

Number fail'd by bringing him to the end of the *Cloiſter*, he would have been in a great Paſſion with his Legs; during his perambulation, his Eyes were fix'd upon the Pavement, from whence I conjecture, he could ſee as far into a Mill-ſtone as another; all the time we obſerv'd him, he took great care to follow his Noſe, fearing, I ſuppoſe, if he had turn'd his Guide towards either Shoulder, he ſhould have loſt his way, and have wandred upon ſome other Stones out of that direct line to which he had confin'd his walk: His Countenance was Mathematical, having as many Lines and Angles in his Face, as you ſhall find in *Euclid*'s Elements; and look'd as if he had fed upon nothing but *Curſus Mathematicus* for a Fortnight; he ſeem'd to ſcorn the uſe of Gloves as much as *Diogenes* did his Diſh, croſſing his Arms over his Breſt, and warming his Hands under his Armpits; his Lips quak'd as if he'd had an Ague in his Mouth; which tremulous motion I conceiv'd was occaſion'd by his Soliloquies, to which we left him. My Friend conducted me up a pair of Stairs, to the Elaboratory-keeper's Apartment, and deſir'd him to oblige us with a Sight of the Rarities; who very curtiouſly granted us the Liberty; opening his Ware-houſe of *Egyptian Mummies*, old muſty Skeletons, and other antiquated Trumpery: The firſt thing he thought moſt worthy of our Notice, was the *Magnet*, with which he ſhow'd ſome notable Experiments, it made a Paper of Steel-Filings Prick up themſelves one upon the back of another, that they ſtood pointing up like the Briſtles of a *Hedg-hog*; and gave ſuch Life and Merriment to a parcel of Needle, they danc'd the Hey, by the motion of the Stone, as if the Devil were in 'em; the next things he preſented to our view were a parcel of Shell-Flies almoſt as big as *Lobſters*, arm'd with Beaks as big as thoſe of *Jack-daws*: Then he commended to our obſervation that wonderful Curioſity the *Unicorns* Horn;. made as I ſuppoſe, by an Ingenious Turner, of the Tuskes of an *Elephant*; it is of an excellent Virtue; and, by report of thoſe that know nothing of the matter, will expell Poiſon beyound the *Mountebanks Orvieton*: Then he carry'd us to another part of the Room, where was an *Aviary* of dead Birds, collected from the extream parts of *Europe*, *Aſia*, *Africa*, and *America*; amongſt which were an *Eaſt-India* Owle, a *Weſt-India* Bat, and a Bird of *Paradiſe*, the laſt being Beautified with Variety of Colours, having no diſernable Body, but all Feathers, feeding when alive upon nothing but Air, and tho' 'tis as big as a Parrot, 'tis as light as a Cobweb; it is reported by the Sage *Philoſophers* of this Society, That a Feather of this Fowl, carry'd about you, is an infallible ſecurity againſt all Evil Temptation; for which Reaſon they have pretty well pluck'd it, to carry home Preſents of it to their Wives and Daughters. Then he uſher'd us among ſundry ſorts of Serpents, as the *Noy*, *Pelonga*, *Rattle-Snake*, *Alligator*, *Crocadile*, &c. That looking round me, I thought my ſelf hem'd in amongſt a Legion of Devils; when we had taken a ſurvey of theſe Pincuſhion Monſters, we turn'd towards the Skeletons of Men, Women, and Monkeys, Birds, Beaſts, and Fiſhes; Abortives put up in Pickle, and abundance of other Memorandums of Mortality; that they look'd as Ghoſtly as the Picture of *Michael Angelo*'s Reſurrection; as if they had collected their ſcatter'd Bones into their Original order, and were about to march in ſearch after the reſt of the Appurtenances.

When we had taken this ſhort view of the Wonders of the World, and had croſt the hand of our Raree-ſhow Interpreter with a piece of Silver, who like the Crooked Oratour to the Abby-Tombs, made a notable Haran-

gue upon every Bauble in his Store-houſe, glutted with the Sight of theſe Ruſty Reliques, and *Philoſophical* Toys, we determin'd to ſteer our courſe towards *Bedlam*; ſo remov'd from *Maggotmongers-Hall*, to ſurvey *Madmans-Colledge*. In the midway, between both, my Friend bid me take notice of a Man who was Shuffling along in as much haſte as a Scrivener to make a Will, or a poor Quack to a rich Patient; That Man, ſays he, that walks like a *Mercury*, as if he had Wings to his heels, is a *Topping Vertuoſa*, and a Member of the *Royal Society*; he is by his Profeſſion a Labourer to a Phyſician, but has made himſelf, by a curious inſpection into the Myſteries of Univerſallity, a *Jack of all Trades*, and is thought by the Learned, to be as knowing a *Philomat* as he that has peep'd ſeven years into a *Pitch-Barrel*; he's a wonderful Artiſt at the cleanſing of a foul Stomach, or the Sweeping of a Gut; and was one of the chief promoters of Mens Eaſe, who brought that ſavory Receptacle call'd a Cloſe-ſtooll, to it's true perfection; he publiſhes a Weekly Paper for the improvement of Trade and Husbandry, wherein, for the benefit of the Poblick, he has inſerted the moſt choice Receipts for the making of *Pancakes*, *Fritters*, *Puddings*, *Dumplins*, alſo to make *Porridge* or *Thick-milk*, that ever were extant; he likewiſe, thro' his Wiſdom and Generoſity, has taught the World at the expence of half a Crown to ſweeten a Dozen of Glaſs-Bottles, which you may buy new for two Shillings; alſo how at thirty Shillings charge we may improve an Acre of Land not Valluable at one Shilling, to be worth Twenty; amongſt the reſt, he is a *Joyner of Sexes*, and will Learnedly prove, upon ſuch Occaſions, *That Generation was the main end of our Creation*; whatever Match he makes, he ſeldom fails of this double Reward, that is, to get Money on one ſide, and Curſes on t'other; for he is a Man of that Conſcience and Conſideration, that he generally takes care to couple thoſe who are worth Money, to ſuch who want it.

Thus we prattled away our time, till we came in Sight of a Noble Pile of Building, which diverted us from our former diſcourſe, and gave my Friend the Occaſion of asking me my Thoughts of this Magnificent Edifice: I told him, I conceiv'd it to be my *Lord Mayor's Palace*, for I could not imagine ſo ſtately a Structure could be deſign'd for any Quality inferior; he ſmill'd at my Innocent Conjecture, and inform'd me this was *Bedlam*, an Hoſpital for Mad-folks: In truth, ſaid I, I think they were Mad that Built ſo coſtly a *Colledge* for ſuch a Crack-brain'd Society; adding, It was pitty ſo fine a Being ſhould not be poſſeſſed by ſuch who had a Senſe of their Happineſs; ſure, ſaid I, it was a Mad Age when this was Rais'd, and the chief of the City were in great danger of loſing their Senſes, ſo contriv'd it the more Noble for their own Reception; or they would never have flung away ſo much Money to ſo fooliſh a purpoſe: You muſt conſider, ſays my Friend, this ſtands upon the ſame Foundation as the *Monument*, and the Fortunes of a great many poor Wretches lies Buried in this Oſtentatious Piece of Vanity; and this, like the other, is but a Monument of the Cities Shame and Diſhonour, inſtead of it's Glory; come let us take a walk in, and view it's inſide.

Accordingly we were admitted in thro' an Iron-gate, within which ſat a Brawny *Cerberus*, of an Indico-colour, leaning upon a Money-box; we turn'd in thro' another Iron-Barricado, where we heard ſuch a ratling of *Chains*, drumming of *Doors*, *Ranting*, *Hollowing*, *Singing*, and *Running*, that

I could think of nothing but *Don Quevedo*'s Viſion, where the Damn'd broke looſe,and put Hell in an Uproar. The firſt whimſie-headed Wretch,of this Lunatick Family, that we obſerv'd, was a merry Fellow in a Straw Cap, who was talking to himſelf after this manner, *That he had an Army of Eagles at his Command*; then claping his hand upon his Head, *Swore by his Crown of Moon-ſhine, he would Battel all the Stars in the Skies but he would have ſome Clarret*: In this interim, came a Gentleman to ſtare at him with a Red face: *No wonder*, ſaid his Aereal Majeſty,*Clarret is ſo ſcarce*; *look there's a Rogue carry's more in his Noſe than I, that am Prince of the Air, have had in my Belly this Twelvemonth.* If you are Prince of the Air, ſaid I, why don't you command the Man in the Moon to give you ſome? To which he reply'd, *The Man in the Moon's a ſorry Raſcal*; *I ſent to him for a dozen Bottles but t'other Day, and he Swore by his Buſh, his Cellar had been dry this Sixmonths*; *but I'll be even with the Rogue, I expect a Cloud laden with Clarret to be ſent me by the Sun every day*; *and if a Spoonful of Lees would ſave him from Choaking, the old Drunken Whores-Bird ſhould not have a drop.*

We then mov'd on till we found another remarkable Figure worth our obſerving, who was peeping thro' his Wicket, eating of Bread and Cheeſe, talking all the while like a Carrier at his Supper, chewing his Words with his Victuals, all that he Spoke being in praiſe of Bread and Cheeſe; *Bread was good with Cheeſe, and Cheeſe was good with Bread, and Bread and Cheeſe was good together*; and abundance of ſuch Stuff; to which my Friend and I, with others, ſtood liſtening; at laſt he Counterfeits a Sneeze, and ſhot ſuch a mouthful of Bread and Cheeſe amongſt us, that every Spectator had ſome ſhare of his kindneſs,which made us retreat; he calling after us *Maſters, Maſters*; ſome went back to hear what he had to ſay, and he had provided them a plentiful Bowl of Piſs, which he caſt very ſucceſsfully amongſt them, crying out in a laugh, *I never give Victuals, but I give Drink, and you're Welcome Gentlemen.*

The next unhappy Object amongſt this Shatter-brain'd Fraternity, was a Scholar of St. *John*'s *Colledge* in *Cambridge*, who was poſſeſs'd with Melancholy, but very inoffenſive, and had the Liberty of the Gallery; this was a very Muſical Man, which is thought to be one great Occaſion of his Diſtemper: My Friend walk'd up to him, and introduc'd ſome talk, to divert himſelf with a few of his Frenſical Extravagancies. Another Lunatick in his Intervals, who had the Liberty of ranging the Houſe, catches hold of my School-fellows Arm, and expreſs'd himſelf after this manner, *Do'ſt thou know, Friend, what thou art doing? Why thou art talking to a Madman, a* Fiddling *fellow, who had ſo many* Crotchets *in his Head, that he crack'd his Brains about his thorow* Baſes. Prithee, ſays my Companion, what was the Occaſion of Thy Diſtemper? To which he anſwer'd, *I am under this Confinement for the Noble Sins of* Drinking *and* Whoring; *and if thou haſt not a care, it will bring thee into the ſame Condition.*

We peep'd into another Room, which ſmelt as ſtrong of Chamber-lye, as a Bottle of *Sal Armoniac*, where a fellow was got as hard at work as if he'd been treading *Mortar*: What is it Friend, ſaid I, thou art taking all this Pains about? He anſwer'd me thus, ſtill continuing his Action, *I am Trampling down Conſcience under my Feet, leaſt he ſhould riſe up and fly in my Face*; *Have a care he does not fright thee, for he looks like the Devil*;

and

and is as fierce as a Lyon, *but that I keep him Muzzled; therefore get thee gone, or I will ſet him upon thee.* Then fell a Claping his hands, and cry'd, *Halloo, halloo, halloo, halloo, halloo*; and thus we left him Raving.

Another was holding-forth with as much Vehemence againſt Kingly-Government, as a Brother of Commonwealth-Doctrine railes againſt Plurallity of Livings, I told him he deſerv'd to be Hang'd for talking of Treaſon. *Now*, ſays he, *You're a Fool, we Madmen have as much priviledge of Speaking our Minds within theſe Walls, as an Ignorant Dictator, when he Spews out his Nonſenſe to the whole Pariſh. Prithee come and live here, and you may talk what you will, and nobody will call you to Queſtion for it: Truth is perſecuted every where abroad, and flies hither for Sanctuary, where ſhe ſits as ſafe as a* Knave *in a* Church, *or a* Whore *in a* Nunnery. *I can uſe her as I pleaſe, and that's more than you dare do. I can tell Great Men ſuch Bold Truths as they don't love to hear, without the danger of a Whipping-poſt; and that you can't do: For if ever you ſee a Madman Hang'd for Speaking Truth, or a Lawyer whip'd for Lying, I'll be bound to prove my Cap a Wheel-barrow.*

We then took a walk into the Womens Appartment, to ſee what whimſical Figaries their wandring Fancies would have them to entertain us with-all.

The firſt that we look'd in upon, ſtood ſtradling with her Back againſt the Wall, crying, *Come*, John *come; you're Maſter's gone to Change. I believe, the poor Fool's afraid of Forfeiting his Indentures. Did you ever ſee the like? Why, ſure you wont ſerve your Miſtreſs ſo*, John, *will you? Hark, hark, run you Rogue; your Maſter's come back to Shop. Yes, you ſhall have a Wife, you old Rogue, with Seven Hundred Pounds, and be Married Six Years, and not get a Child. Fy for ſhame, out upon't! A Husband for a Woman! A Husband for the Devil. Hang you, Rot you, Sink you, Confound you.* And thus at laſt ſhe run Raving on, to the higheſt degree of Madneſs.

Another was talking very merrily, at her Peeping-hole, to a crow'd of Auditors, moſt of them young Wenches. A fooliſh Girl, amongſt the reſt, ask'd the Madwoman *how old ſhe was?* who reply'd, *ſhe was old enough to have Hair where the other had none.* Which made the Young Creature betake herſelf to her heels to avoid the Mockery of the reſt. In this interim came by a Beauiſh Blade, with his Wig very much Powder'd, *Look, look*, cries Beſs of Bedlam, *yonder goes a Prodigal Puppy, an Extravagant Raſcal, that has got more Flower in his Wig, than my Poor Mother has in her Meal-Tub to make a Pudding with-all.*

The next poor Object that happen'd under our Obſervation, was, a Meager old Grey-headed Wretch, who look'd as wild as an Angry Cat, and all her Tone was, *The Wind is —— blow Devil, blow; the Wind is —— Blow, Devil, blow*; a Seaman who was a ſtaring at her, and liſtening to what ſhe ſaid, muſt needs be inquiſitive how the Wind ſat, asking her, *Where is the Wind, Mother?* She haſtily replying, *The Wind's in mine A——s; Blow Fool, blow*: Being ſo pleas'd ſhe had ſold him a Bargain, that ſhe fell into an Extravagant fit of Laughter, in which we left her.

Having pritty well tir'd our ſelves with the Frantick Humours and Rambling Ejaculations of the Mad-folks, we took a turn to make ſome few

few Remarks upon the Looſneſs of the Spectators, amongſt whom we obſerv'd abundance of Intriguing; Miſtreſſes we found were to be had of all Ranks, Qualities, Colours, Prices, and Sizes, from the *Velvet-Scarf*, to the *Scotch-plad-petticoat*: Commodities of all ſorts went off, for their wanted not a ſuitable *Jack* to every *Jill*. Every freſh comer was ſoon engaged in an Amour; tho they came in Single, they went out by Paires; 'tis a new *Whet-ſtone's Park*, now the old ones Plough'd up, where a Sportsman at any Hour in the Day may meet with Game for his purpoſe; 'tis a Conveniency to *London* as the *Long Cellar* to *Amſterdam*; where any Stranger may purchaſe a Purge for his Reins, at a ſmall expence, and may have a Pox by chance flung into the bargain; All that I can ſay of it, is this, *'Tis an Alms-houſe for Madmen, a Showing-Room for Whores, a ſure Market for Leachers, and a dry Walk for Loiterers.*

We needed now no Clock to give the Hour of the Day, our Stomachs, as true as thoſe of the *Change*, went One; and after redeeming our Liberties from this Piſs-burn'd Priſon, at the expence of two-pence, we were led by our Appetitites into a Cook's Shop; and when we had refreſh'd Nature with a neceſſary ſupply of what ſhe moſt coveted, we march'd towards the *Royal Exchange*, to which Traders were trotting in as much haſte, as *Lawyers* to *Weſtminſter*, or Butchers to *Smithfield*.

The Pillars, at the Entrance of the Front-*Porticum*, were adorn'd with ſundry Memorandums of old Age, and Infirmity, under which ſtood here and there a *Jack in a Box*, like a Parſon in a Pulpit, ſelling Cures for your Corns, Glaſs Eyes for the Blind, Ivory Teeth for broken Mouths, and Spectacles for the weak-ſighted; the Paſſage to the Gate being lin'd with Hawkers, Gardeners, Mandrake-ſellers, and Porters; after we Crowded a little way amongſt this Miſcellaneous Multitude, we came to a *Pipping-Monger's* Stall, Surmounted with a *Chimiſts* Shop, where *Drops*, *Elixers*, *Cordials*, and *Baiſams*, had juſtly the preheminence of *Apples*, *Cheſnuts*, *Pears* and *Oranges*; the former being Rank'd in as much order upon Shelves, as the Works of the Holy-Fathers in a Biſhop's Library; and the latter being Marſhal'd with as much exactneſs as an Army ready to engage; here is drawn up ſeveral Regiments of *Kentiſh-Pippins*, next ſome Squadrons of *Pearmain's* joyn'd to a Brigade of *Small-Nuts*, with a few Troops of *Booncritons*, all form'd into a Battalion; the Wings compos'd of *Oranges*, *Lemons*, *Pomgranates*, dry'd *Plumbs*, and *Medlars*; the Decade of theſe lower groſs Bodies drawn over the *Helm*, are fitted by the help of *Ginger*, *Nutmeg*, and *Liqoriſh*, to ſtand upon the upper Shelf, under a Saleable-Title, to Cozen Madmen and Fools out of their Health, and their Money; and to let you know it's truly prepar'd, it is made by him who may write himſelf *Phyſician*, *Chymiſt*, *Apothecary*, *Confectioner*, and *Coſtermonger*.

We then proceeded, and went on to the *Change*, turn'd to the Right, and Joſtled in amongſt a parcel of Swarthy Buggerantoes, Preternatural Fornicators, as my Friend call'd them, who would Ogle a Handſome Young Man with as much Luſt, as a True-bred Engliſh Whoremaſter would gaze upon a Beautiful Virgin. Advertiſements hung as thick round the Pillars of each Walk, as Bells about the Legs of a Morris-dancer, and an Inceſſant Buz, like the Murmurs of the diſtant Ocean, ſtood as a *Diapaſon*, to our Talk, like a *Drone* to a Bagpipe. The Wainſcote was adorn'd

with Quacks Bills inſtead of Pictures; never an Emperick in the Town but had his Name in a Lacquer'd Frame, containing a far Invitation for a Fool and his Money to be ſoon parted; and he that wants a dry Rogue for himſelf, or a Wet-Nurſe for his Child, may be furniſh'd here at a minutes Warning. After we had Squeez'd our ſelves thro' a Crowd of *Bumfirking-Italians*, we fell into a throng of Strait-lac'd Monſters in Fur, and Thrum Caps with huge Logger-heads, Effeminate Waſtes, and Buttocks like a Flanders Mare, with Slovenly Mein, Swiniſh Looks, whoſe upper lips were gracefully adorn'd with T——d-colour'd Whiskers, theſe with their Gloves under their Arm, and their Hands in their Pockets, were grunting to each other like hogs at their Peaſe; theſe, my Friend told me, were the Water-Rats of *Europe*, who love no body but themſelves, and Fatten upon the Spoils, and Build their own Well-fare upon the Ruine of their Neighbours.

We had no ſooner Joſtled thro' this Cluſter of Commonwealth's-men, but we were got amongſt a parcel of Lank-hair'd Formaliſt's in Flat crown'd Hats and ſhort Cloakes, walking with as much State and Gravity as a Snail o're the Leaf of a Cabbage, with a Box of Tobacco-duſt in one Hand, and the other imploy'd in charging their Noſtrils, from whence it drops into the Muſtachoes, which are always as full of Snuſh, as a Beau's Wigg full of Powder; every Sentence they Spoke, was grac'd with a Shrug of the Shoulders; and every Step they took, was perform'd with as much leiſure as a Cock ſtrides; theſe, my Friend told me, were *Spaniards*: Says he, you may know them by the Smell, for they Stink as ſtrong of Garlick as a *Polonian* Sauſage

Theſe were confus'dly Jumbled among People of ſundry Nations, as our Neighbouring Anticks, the French; who talk more with their Heads and Hands, than with their Tongues; who commonly Speak firſt, and Think afterwards; ſtep a *Minuet* a[illegible]y walk, and ſit as graceful on an Exchange-bench, as if in a great Saddle; [illegible]ir Bodies always dance to their Tongues, and are ſo great Lovers of Action, that they were ready to Wound every Pillar with their Canes, as they paſs'd by, either in *Ters*, *Cart*, or *Saccoon*.

There likewiſe were the Lord's Vagabonds, the *Jews*, who are ſo accurs'd for their Infidelity, that they are generally the Richeſt People in all Nations where they Dwell; theſe, like the *Spaniards*, were ſuch great conſumers of the wicked Weed in Snuſh, That their upper lips look'd as if they excreted thro' their Noſtrils, and had forgot to uſe Bumfodder. Theſe, ſays my Friend, are the Hawks of Mankind, the Spies of the Univerſe, the only Trade-Politicians, ſubtle Knaves, and great Merchants.

Here were alſo a few Amber-Necklace Sellers, as my Friend call'd 'em; Men with Fur Caps, Long Gowns, and grave Countenances, ſeeming Wiſe in their Looks, Noble in their Garb, and Stately in their Carriage; retaining ſomething of the old *Grecian* Grandure in their comely Deportment; amongſt whom there was one very Handſome young Fellow, which my Companion bid me take particular Notice on, for ſays he, that Spark in the Red Gown was very Familiar with ſome of our Sweet lip'd Ladies of the City, and was very much Admir'd and Courted by ſeveral topping Benefactreſſes at this end of the Town, to receive their Favors; till the Fool, proud of his Happineſs, muſt needs boaſt of their Kindneſſes to the Diſreputation of his humble Servants; that they all diſcarded him with

ſuch

ſuch hatred and contempt, That he is now become the Scorn and Ridicule of every Woman in the City.

Pray, ſaid I, What Tall Sober-look'd Gentleman is that, in ſo grave a dreſs, in the Long Black Wig, and formal Hat, that ſtands as level in the Brim as a Pot-lid; he ſeems to be wonderfully reverenc'd by a great many much finer than himſelf? That Man, ſays my Friend, is the greateſt Merchant we have in *England*; and thoſe fellows that keep a Stern, and now and then come upon his Quarter with their Top-ſails lower'd, are Commanders of Ships, who are ſoliciting for Employment; and he that plies him ſo cloſe, they call *Honour and Glory*; who lately bore Command in the Service; he was originally a poor Fiſherman, but did a very Notable Exploit, by the help of his Man *Jack*, that recommended him to a Commiſſion; but either for want of Diſcretion or Honeſty, is turn'd out; and I ſuppoſe rather than return to his Nets, he is willing to enter into Merchants Service.

The next Walk we went into, were a mixture of Two ſorts of People, one of a Tall Stature, amongſt whom were a parcel of Swords-men in Twiſted Wigs, and lac'd Hats, with broad Faces, and flattiſh Noſes, ſaluting one another commonly by the Title of Captain; but look'd as if they had been a great while out of Commiſſion, for moſt of them were very much out of repair; ſome like Gentlemen without Eſtates, and others like Footmen out of places, many of them picking their Teeth, often plucking out large Tobacco Boxes to cram a wad in their Mouths, as if moſt of their Food was Minc'd-meat.

The other ſort were a kind of lean Carrionly Creatures, with reddiſh Hair, and freckly Faces, being very much given to Scratching and Shruging, as if they held Louſineſs no Shame, and the Itch no Scandal; ſtooping a little in the Shoulders, as if their Backs had been us'd to a Pedlars Pack; amongſt them was a Poor Parſon who came to the wrong place to look for a Benefice; theſe I found were a Compound of *Scotch* and *Iriſh*, who look'd as if they rather came to *Seek* for Buſineſs, than *Diſpatch* any.

We now were come to the back Gate of the *Change*, on the Eaſt-ſide of which ſat a parcel of Women, ſome looking like Jilts who wanted Cullies, and others like Servants who wanted Places.

We paſt by them, and Squeez'd amongſt Coaſters and Engliſh Traders, who were as buſie in Out-witting one another, as if Plain-dealing was a Crime, and Cozenage a Vertue.

Take Notice, ſays my Companion, of that Camel-back'd Spark, he is dignified with the Title of my Lord, and has as many Maggots in his Head as there are holes in a Cullender; tho' the Rickets have cruſh'd him into that lump of Deformity, he has the Happineſs, or Curſe, I know not whether, to have a very handſome Woman to his Wife, whoſe prevailing Glances, have tempted ſuch Cuſtom to his Shop, that he can afford to ſpend three or four Hundred Pounds a Year in a Tavern, without doing himſelf a prejudice, which ſhe very generouſly allows him to do out of her gettings, as ſome Cenſorious People are apt to imagine, as a gratuity for his Toleration for her Liberty of Conſcience; ſhe is never without a Shop-full

of

of Admirers, whom ſhe poiſons with her Eyes, and bubbles as ſhe pleaſes: Give her her due, ſhe is as Beautiful as an Angel, but as Subtle as the Devil; as Curteous as a Curteſan, but ſharp as a Needle; very Free, but very Jiltiſh; very Inviting, yet ſome ſay very Vertuous.

Now, ſays my Friend, we are got amongſt the Plantation-Traders: This may be call'd *Kidnappers Walk*; for a great many of theſe *Jamaicans* and *Barbadians*, with their Kitchen-ſtuff Countenances, are looking as ſharp for Servants, as a Gang of Pickpockets for Booty; but we have given theſe their Characters already in the *Trip to Jamaica*, therefore we ſhall ſpeak but little of them here; I'll warrant you if they knew the Author was among them, they'd huſſle you about, as the Whigs would a *Jacobite* at the Election of a Lord-Mayor; or the Quakers a Drunken Ranter that ſhould diſturb them at their Meeting.

Pray ſaid I, what is the meaning of that Inſcription in Golden Capitals over the Paſſage, *My Lord-Mayors Court*? my Friend reply'd, That was the Neſt of City-Cormorants, who by ſaving a little out of many Mens Eſtates, raiſe great ones to themſelves; by which means they teach Fools Wit, and bring Litigious Knaves to Repentance.

Within that Entry is an *Office of Intelligence*, pretending to help Servants to Places, and Maſters to Servants; they have a knack of Bubbling ſilly Wenches out of their Money; who loiter hereabouts upon this expectancy, till they are pick'd up by the Plantation-Kidnappers, and Spirited away into a State of Miſery and Whoredom

Now, ſays my Friend, let us walk on the middle of the Change, and view the Statue; this, ſays he, is the Figure of King *Charles*, and thoſe are Stock-jobbers who are hovering about him, and are by report a pack of as great Knaves as ever he had in his Dominions; the reſt are a mix'd multitude of all Nations, and not worth deſcribing. Now I'll conduct you up Stairs, to take a view of the Fair Ladies, and ſo adjourn to the Tavern, and refreſh our ſelves with a Bottle.

Accordingly we went up, where Women ſat in their Pinfolds, begging of Cuſtom, with ſuch Amorous Looks and Affable Tones, that I could not but fancy they had as much mind to diſpoſe of themſelves, as the Commodities they deal in: My Eares on both ſides were ſo baited with *Fine Linnen, Sir*, and *Gloves and Ribbons, Sir*, that I had a Milliner's and a Sempſtreſs's Shop in my Head for a Week after: Well, ſays my Friend, what do you think of all theſe Pretty Ladies? I anſwer'd, I thought of them as I did of the Sex; I ſuppos'd they were all ready to obey the Laws of Nature, and anſwer the End of their Creation. Says he, This Place is a Nurſery for Wives, the Merchant's Seraglio; for moſt that you ſee here, come under *Chaucer*'s Character of a Sempſtreſs, and ſo we'll leave them:

She keeps a Shop for Countenance,
And S—— for Maintenance.

F I N I S.